



That girl and summer vacation



15 0 2

Chapter 1 by Mustafiz

It was the time of Saturday afternoon, it was raining, quite heavily I must add, I am not one of those outgoing character who can talk to any girl he wants, including Emma Watson. I am the other type, the shy type, it was the beginning of the summer holidays.

Now the kids my age want to hang out or have a girlfriend or go to a beach, play football, I am not against football, it that I don't have the appropriate body type so it not my fault it's my parent fault.

about the appropriate body I meant to say, I am not a thin guy, I am not a handsome guy, I have very awkward long arms, I am too tall for my age, Now you must be wondering how old am I ? Well, you don't need to search google for that, I am going to tell you, I am at my puberty age, 15 to be specific.

It not like I have never talked to a girl before, it that I haven't talked to girl in a while, Okay I haven't talked to a girl in 5 yrs to be specific, you guys must be wondering what kind of a loser I am and you guys are right I am wondering that myself.

My mother was getting ready so I ask her like an Idiot.

"Where are you going mom"

she replied "to the market and why don't you come along with me,"

god, I am such an idiot, god I wish I could curse

"Mom I have important stuff to do"

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"Like playing video game"

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"Exactly"

"Come on get ready, fast"

"Mom I hate going outside, I hate it"

"Good then, so it settles that we are going whether you like it or not"

I knew arguing with my mom would be a waste of my precious time, the sooner I go, The sooner I will get back, It not that I hate going outside, It that I hate meeting people, I hate people, they always judge me, laugh behind my back, seriously sometimes I want to Just shout and say "You morons I can hear you are talking about me" but I never do that, I just keep my mouth shut, to avoid embarrassment, that it will eventual be over in a minute or two, then why to extend it more, longer.

My mom is actually a bad driver but who is going to tell her that, not me. I am a chicken, remember.

We enter the grocery store, I put my hands in my pocket and started following my mom with trolley cart, that thing which you use to ride your kid when he was small, yeah that one, I was driving it very carefully, my mother was telling me some stuff to remind her if she forgot, but the only thing I was hearing was "blah, blah, blah aaa, blah," I went to the frozen hamBurger section which I knew my mother wouldn't buy for me because she thinks I need to lose weight, seriously, what kind of a mother say that, so as I was pushing the cart, I accidentally bumped into another cart, seriously, the only thing I was wishing not to happen.

I looked up, I couldn't look down anymore, My eyes were fixed on her, on her beautiful brown hair, on her smile, on her eyebrow, on her lips. I just froze, everything around me froze, I just wanted to be in that moment, in that exact moment, I knew I was ugly and she was the definition of beautiful.

"sorry, It's my mistake" I mutter out softly

"what," she was still smiling but a different smile

"I wanted to say I am sorry"

"No, it ok"

I actually wanted to say, can you marry me but they wouldn't let a 15-year-old boy marry, tragedies of life.

she went pass of me, I turn around and was just staring at her back while she was going away from me. fading in the stupid groceries background.

"I love you" I thought, you doing there can't hear and help your mother "My mother shouted from on far away

"coming mother"

I rush my cart to her and she couldn't stop smiling like a little girl. I was just staring back on me to just see her one time, but I didn't saw her but that

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didn't stop me from trying, after hours of shopping my mother finally took me home and herself but I didn't wanted to go home now, I wanted to just see her one more time.

That night I couldn't sleep, I couldn't breathe, I thought I was dying, but as it turns out I wasn't dying. Her face was flashing in front of my eyes. Her beautiful eyes.

I woke the next morning ashamed of myself, I was no match for her, she would never like a guy like me. I wasn't good looking, I wasn't the white guy, if your thinking about that. On the other hand, she looks like a goddess like Emma Watson but thousand times more, prettier.

I heard my mother voice from the other room chatting to someone, I was wondering who could it be, so early in the morning, not that I cared anyway. I was curious, I went to the another room and slide the door open.

I was shocked, I was frozen, I was already half dead inside, It was like my soul has left my body and when to her, her, her.

It was that girl, the girl in the groceries store, the girl who I bumped into, the girl for whom I couldn't go to sleep, that girl. And also some lady the same age as my mother.

"Oh the lazy bum is up already," my mother said in front of the girl of my life

The girl chuckle, that lady gestured at the girl not too.

"Yes," I said foolishly of course.

"Good, come here and meet my friend Mary and her daughter, Hailey.

"Nice to meet you" Hailey extended her hand toward me.

I grab her hand too fast and clumsily.

Hailey laughs hysterically

"Hi, hi, my name is " I suddenly forgot my own name, my tongue completely froze

"hmmm, Henry," my mother said

"Henry, my name is Henry" I blurred it out

Her hands were so soft, so warm, so smooth like baby face, I couldn't believe I touched her, her hand.

Hailey giggles some more because I wasn't letting her hand go, not that i could help myself.

I finally leave her hand.

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